



T H E

Humours of London.

WHEN I to London first came in,
How I began to gape and stare !
The cries they kick'd up such a din,
Fresh lobsters, dust, and wooden ware ;
A damsel lovely and black ey'd,
Tript thro' the streets and sweetly cry'd,
Buy my live sprats ! buy my live sprats !
A youth on t'other side the way,
With coarser lungs did echoing say,
Buy my live sprats !

Still shriller cry'd the chimney sweep,
The fruit'refs fair bawl'd round and sound,
The Jew would down the æra peep,
To look for custom under ground ;
The bag he o'er his shoulder slung,
And to the footman sweetly sung,
Cloaths to sell—cloaths—
Round and sound—sweep !
Young foot did cry in accent true,
The barrow lady and the Jew,
Round and sound---cloaths.

A noise at every turn you find,
Ground ivey, rabbits, skins to sell,
Great news from France, and knives to grind,
Mats, muffins, milk, and mackarel ;
And when these motley noises die,
In various tones the watchmen cry,
By the clock---twelve---past twelve o'clock ;
Then home to bed the shopmen creep,
And all the night are kept from sleep,
With past---humph---o'clock.

